

Good Morning 470

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Tuning in to E/A J. B. Parsons

WHEN a "Good Morning" photographer called at 1 Granville Road, Hove, your wife, E/A. J. B. Parsons, had gone to the Hippodrome with Mother, but he was determined to get a picture for you, and caught them on their return.

The show was good, but not in your style. Your wife told me, however, that any old style would be good enough if you were seeing the show together.

Vi sends her love, and she is still running into your old pals at The Vernon. She's getting your mail regularly,

and hopes you're doing likewise.

She talked expectantly of a trip to Wales next month to see Mum and Dad. She hopes your foot is better and that you are in a more cheerful frame of mind (what does that mean?). By the way, don't forget the ruby ring!

What an electrician you turned out to be! Vi says she hopes you look after the submarine better than the wireless at home, otherwise it's a poor look-out for your pals!

P.S.—The dart is still in the sofa—that's a family secret.

Peas—alike as two twills

THE "bond of sympathy" between twins is still a baffling riddle. Not long ago, Helga Pridie was serving as a nurse at the Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham, when a doctor proposed to her. Twelve thousand miles away, in New Zealand, that same day, her twin sister, Dorothy, received a proposal from a sheep farmer.

Mere coincidence—or another example of "twills," the word that medical science has had to coin to describe some recent and inexplicable twin resemblances?

Before you decide, review the evidence. There's the amazing yet typical case of Tom and Bill Stockey, of Manchester. Tom was rushed to hospital after an eye accident. While his left eye was being operated on, Bill's left eye began to swell and became inflamed. In Cairo recently, two twin sisters died at the same moment, though nowhere near each other.

In a case in Newfoundland, a waterfront worker had his left hand crushed in an accident. At precisely the same instant, his twin brother in an arms factory felt a curious numbness creeping over his left arm. As he paused momen-

tarily, the dynamite cap in his hand exploded.

In an Australian instance, a woman was operated on for appendicitis. Her twin sister had been examined just previously and showed no sign of the trouble. Yet she, too, suddenly developed acute appendicitis—and had to be rushed to the operating table.

The Journal of Heredity recently discussed investigations into two twin sisters of 18 who have lived apart since they were eight days old. Here there is no link of habit to form premonitions, or resemblances. Yet the girls are almost identical in voice, intonation, smile, laugh and appearance. Even their palms and finger-prints vary only slightly.

They answer questions in the same way. But what are you to make of a twin—a case came up at Brighton not long ago—whose character utterly changes after the death of a twin brother so that he sinks to a life of crime? And what of the queer instance of Jimmy and Johnny Woods?

They were born in a clinic. Jimmy was allowed to grow up normally at home. Johnny was the special care of the Normal Child Development Clinic. He was given psycho-



Australian twin blondes, Bonnie and Betty Glew are distinguishable only by different pitch of their voices. From teeth to toe-nails they are replicas.

logical treatment every day, and at the age of two had the brain of a child more than twice the age. Jimmy was the backward boy—until his brother came to live at home. For a time, then, the two lads ran equal. To-day, at the age of eight, he definitely leads his pre-trained brother in alertness.

The queer point is this: In spite of their separate training, their handwriting is identical even under close microscopic examination.

Anthony Slade

FATHER THAMES

"Every Jetty and every coal barge has its story. Every boat-house remembers the days of gaiety—the moonlit nights..."

LET'S go back to the capital to-day; to the river that brings London her prosperity. There is another port, far from the commercial docks, that justifies a visit.

Do you know the Thames from Richmond to Hampton? You can make the trip on a Mears steamer for a few shillings, or you can walk the whole distance in a couple of hours.

Thousands of war workers, spending holidays at home, do it throughout the summer. Cyclists use the towing path, too, though, of course, it's illegal.

It's an interesting trip, this. For those who are bored by unbounded beauty there is romance and history. Every jetty and every coal barge has its story. Every boat-house can remember the days when gay young folk stayed up nights to dance on her, and sit in the moonlight.

I find it easy to escape into a romantic part when I walk or ride alongside of Father Thames.

In Richmond you have the jetty and on the far side the skating rink. Soon you come to Marble Hill in its park on the Middlesex bank. This was built by George II for his mistress, Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk, who made it a haunt of society wits.

In 1783 the young, lovely, twice-widowed Mrs. Fitzherbert went there for quiet, and it became the background of a royal romance, her incognito meeting, on the river bank, with the future George IV, who was staying at Kew; his infatuated pursuit of her; her distressed flight to the Continent; their secret marriage ceremony in London, with its grave political repercussions; the brief, idyllic riverside honeymoon which is believed to have taken place there.

When I contemplate the square, staid house which saw so much drama and heart-



RON RICHARDS goes from Richmond to Hampton in Search of your home Town

searching, I wonder: "Did the lovely Maria hang there the portrait group of her first husband, Edward Weld, flanked by two brides?" Probably not—for it was a preposterous heirloom.

Originally it showed him beside his first wife; there was room on one side, so he had Maria, his second, painted into it to make a trio.

Neighbouring Orleans House, of Queen Anne red brick in a walled garden, sheltered Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, and his two brothers, from 1800, after their father had lost his head in the Revolution. Fifty years later it was again a place of refuge for his son, the Duc d'Aumale, and other royal exiles.

On the site of the house with the tower, just past Eel

Pie Island, was Pope's villa. Here the waspish little wit wrote his biting satires, and got so much out of his five-acre garden that he fancied himself like "the fellow that spent his life cutting the twelve apostles in a cherry stone."

He had a theatre, arcade, grotto, grove, and bowling green, he boasted, in "a bit of ground that would have been but a plate of sallet to Nebuchadnezzar on the first day he was turned to grass."

He was prouder of his garden, he said, than of all his other works; and he must have taken his work very seriously, for a domestic once complained that she was called from her bed four times on a dreadful winter night to supply him with paper, lest one precious thought be lost.

Here we salute a poet who made poetry pay—fabulously. When he moved into his villa in 1719 the profits from his translation of Homer's Iliad were steadily climbing towards the record £5,320 mark. He then set about the Odyssey, which made him another £3,500.

Such figures, even at to-day's values, are enough to make a modern poet lift both eyebrows and gasp.

Passing through Teddington Lock, we may spare a thought for flighty Peg Woffington, who lived her last years there, and R. D. Blackmore, who not only wrote "Lorna Doone," but was also a proud market gardener.

Hampton Court—that modest Tudor retreat, which had to be extended slightly to accommodate successive wives—has so many stories that one must read historian Ernest Law for

them. I like best the rather pathetic one about Mary Tudor and her baby.

Nursery and elegant cradle were prepared; midwives, nurses and rockers engaged; dispatches for the English ambassadors abroad held ready; and letters for the Continental sovereigns announcing safe delivery; messengers went post-haste to London to herald the happy event; there were bonfires and torchlight processions; Te Deums and thanksgiving sermons in the churches; one devout priest even described the lovely Prince; Antwerp rang its great cathedral bell, and sailors in the Thames were given 100 crowns to drink the Prince's health.

And after all there was no baby. It was just a rumour. The delusion broke Queen Mary's heart...

St. Albans, the house just above Tagg's Island, with Britain's largest catalpa tree on its lovely lawn, was built for Nell Gwynne's dual baby—the one she threatened to drop out of the window if Charles II did not do the right thing by the infant. Winifred Graham, the novelist, lives there now.

Beyond it are Garrick's villa and the river-lawn temple in which, under Roubiliac's Shakespeare statue, the actor studied his Drury Lane roles.

He took it in 1754 for his Violet, the dainty Viennese dancer, who crossed from the Continent dressed as a page and conquered London. For twenty-five years, until his death, they were hardly a day apart. Married in the month of roses, fragrance wafted them down the years.

Dr. Johnson, who would often burst in late in the evening demanding supper, said of this Hampton retreat, "Ah, David, it is the leaving of such places as these that makes a death-bed terrible." And so we leave these luscious flower gardens that bloom below the weeping willows, alongside the steady-flowing, sultry Father Thames. See you next week in Blackpool.



"Play the game, Postlethwaite! I'm not interested in the spicy bits!"

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A Land of Dead Men's Bones

THE following day Sindbad related his sixth voyage.

Gentlemen, says he, after a year's rest I prepared for a sixth voyage, notwithstanding the prayers of my kindred and friends, who did all that was possible to prevent me.

Instead of taking my way to the Persian Gulf, I travelled once more through several provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a seaport, where I embarked aboard a ship, the captain of which was resolved on a long voyage.

It was very long indeed, but at the same time so unfortunate that the captain and pilot lost their course, so that they knew not where they were. We were all seized with extraordinary fear, when we saw the captain quit his post, and cry out.

He threw off his turban pulled the hair of his beard, and beat his head like a madman. We asked him the reason, and he answered, We are in the most dangerous place in all the sea; a rapid current carries the ship along with it; and we shall all perish in less than a quarter of an hour.

At these words he ordered the sails to be changed; but all the ropes broke, and the ship, without any possibility of helping it, was carried by the current to the foot of an inaccessible mountain, where she was run ashore and broke to pieces, yet so as we saved our lives, our provisions, and the best of our goods.

The mountain, at the foot of which we were cast, was the coast of a very long and large island. This coast was covered all over with wrecks; and by the vast number of men's bones we saw everywhere, and which filled us with horror, we concluded that abundance of people had died there: it is also incredible to tell what a quantity of goods and riches we found cast ashore there.

We continued upon shore like men out of their senses, and expected death every day. At first we divided our provisions as equally as we could, and so every one lived a longer or a shorter while, according to their temperance, and the use they made of their provisions.

Those who died first were interred by the rest; and as for my part, I paid the last duty to all my

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



companions. Nor are you to wonder at this; for, besides that I husbanded the provisions that fell to my share better than they, I had provisions of my own, which I did not share with my comrades; yet, when I buried the last, I had so little remaining that I thought it could not hold out long; so that I dug a grave, resolving to lie down in it, because there was none left alive to inter me.

But it pleased God once more to take compassion on me, and put it in my mind to go to the bank of the river, which ran into the greatest cave; where, considering the river with great attention, I said to myself, this river which runs thus underground, must come out somewhere or other.

If I make a float, and leave myself to the current, it will bring me to some inhabited country, or drown me: if I be drowned, I lose nothing, but only change one manner of death for another; and if I get out of this fatal place I shall not only avoid the sad fate of my comrades, but perhaps find some new occasion of enriching myself.

After this, I immediately went to work on a float. I made it of good large pieces of timber and cables, for I had choice of them, and tied them together so strong

that I made a very solid little float.

When I had finished it I loaded it with some bales of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, rock crystal, and rich stuffs. Having balanced all my cargo exactly, and fastened them well to the float, I went on board it with two little oars that I had made; and leaving it to the course of the river, I resigned myself to the will of God.

As soon as I came into the cave I lost all light, and the stream carried me I knew not whither. Then a pleasing sleep seized upon me; I cannot tell how long it continued; but, when I awoke, I was surprised to find myself in the middle of a vast country, at the brink of a river, where my float was tied, amidst a great number of negroes.

I got up as soon as I saw them, and saluted them. They spoke to me, but I did not understand their language. I was so transported with joy that I knew not whether I was asleep or awake; but being persuaded that I was not asleep, I recited the following words in Arabic aloud: Call upon the Almighty, and he will help thee; thou needest not perplex thyself about any thing else: shut thy eyes; and while thou art asleep, God will change thy bad fortune into good.

One of the blacks, who understood Arabic, hearing me speak thus, came towards me. I begged of them first to give me something to eat, and then I would satisfy their curiosity. They gave me several sorts of food; and when I had satisfied my hunger I gave them a true account of all that had befallen me, which they listened to with admiration.

As soon as I had finished my discourse, they told me, by the person who spoke Arabic, that it was one of the most surprising stories they ever heard, and that I must go along with them and tell it to their king myself. I told them I was ready to do whatever they pleased.

They immediately sent for a horse, which was brought them in

a little time; and, having made me get upon him, some of them walked before me to show me the way, and the rest took my float and cargo, and followed me. We marched thus all together till we came to the city of Serendib, for it was in that island where I landed. The blacks presented me to their king.

I approached his throne, and prostrated myself at his feet and kissed the earth. The prince ordered me to rise up, and made me come up and sit down near him. He first asked me my name, and I answered, They call me Sindbad the sailor, because of the many voyages I have undertaken; and I am a citizen of Bagdad.

But, replies he, how came you into my dominions, and from whence came you last?

I concealed nothing from the king; I told him all that I have now told you; and his majesty was so surprised and charmed with it that he commanded my adventures to be written in characters of gold, and laid up in the archives of the kingdom.

At last my float was brought him, and the bales opened in his presence; he admired the quantity of wood of aloes and ambergris, but, above all, the rubies and emeralds, for he had none in his treasury that came near them.

Observing that he looked upon my jewels with pleasure, and viewed the most remarkable among them one after another, I fell prostrate at his feet, and took the liberty to say to him, Sir, not only my person is at your majesty's service, but the cargo of the float; and I would beg of you to dispose of it as your own.

He answered me with a smile, Sindbad, I will take care not to covet anything of yours, nor to take anything from you that God has given you; far from lessening your wealth, I design to augment it, and will not let you go out of my dominions without marks of liberality.

All the answer I returned was prayers for the prosperity of that prince, and commendations of his generosity and bounty. He charged one of his officers to take care of me, and ordered people to serve me at his own charge. The officer was very faithful in the execution of his orders, and made all the goods to be carried to the lodgings provided for me.

I went every day at a set hour to make my court to the king, and spent the rest of my time in seeing the city, and what was most worthy my curiosity. I made, by way of devotion, a pilgrimage to the place where Adam was confined after his banishment from paradise, and had the curiosity to go to the top of it.

When I came back to the city I prayed the king to allow me to return to my country, which he granted me in the most obliging and most honourable manner. He would needs force a rich present upon me; and when I went to take my leave of him, he gave me one much more

considerable, and at the same time charged me with a letter for the commander of the faithful, our sovereign, saying to me, I pray you give this present for me, and this letter to Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and assure him of my friendship.

I took the present and letter in a very respectful manner, and promised his majesty punctually to execute the commission with which he was pleased to honour me. Before I embarked, this prince sent to seek for the captain and the merchants that were to go with me, and ordered them to treat me with all possible respect.

The ship set sail; and, after a long and successful navigation, we landed at Balsora, from whence I went to Bagdad, where the first thing I did was to acquit myself of my commission.

Sindbad left off speaking, and his company retired, Hindbad having first received one hundred sequins; and next day they returned to hear the relation of his seventh and last voyage.

(To be continued)

It is one thing to show a man he is in error, and another to put him in possession of the truth.

John Locke.

WANGLING WORDS—409

1. Put spliced in SE and make a vegetable.

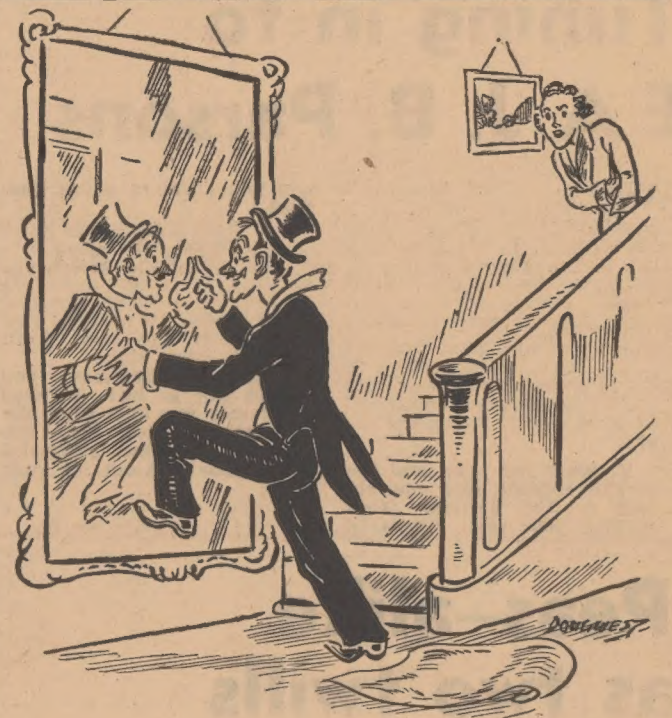
2. Rearrange the following letters and get two Shakespeare title characters: ORACLE TAP, SCOUR A LION.

3. In the following four tea-time eatables the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? R274-B59, S668-7146, 825GH-953, 321S3.

4. Find the two hidden Roman emperors in: Those who came in August used to turn left at the station, and then follow the lane round to the right.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 408

1. ChipS.
2. ATMOSPHERE.
3. Rye, Barley, Wheat, Oats, Maize, Rice.
4. Ner-vo, K-'No-X.



"Ssh! old boy. Come roundsh the back—and I'll letsh you in!"

QUIZ for today

1. A sitar is an Indian guitar, Egyptian governor, Peruvian coin, Chinese shirt?
2. What does a cartophilist collect?
3. What is the difference between (a) a skipjack, and (b) a flapjack?

4. What is the common name for the sleeve-fish?
5. At what university is an undergraduate called a sizar?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Foke-lore, supercede, Precede, Succeed, Recede, Yoke, Yolk.

Answers to Quiz in No. 469

1. Part of a wagon.
2. White of egg.
3. Skupshtina.
4. Wood-louse.
5. (a) Collects stamps, (b) collects match-box tops.
6. Niece, Siege, Sieve.

One of the blacks, who understood Arabic, hearing me speak thus, came towards me. I begged of them first to give me something to eat, and then I would satisfy their curiosity. They gave me several sorts of food; and when I had satisfied my hunger I gave them a true account of all that had befallen me, which they listened to with admiration.

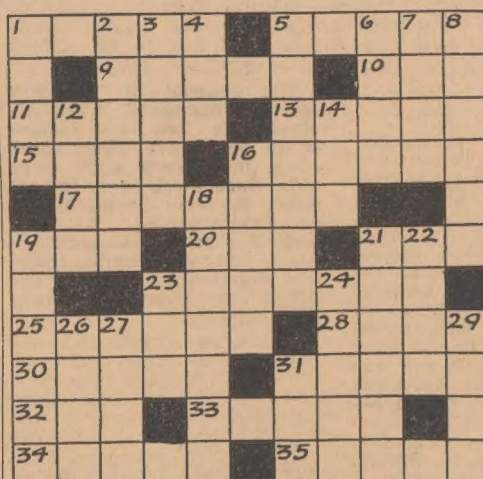
As soon as I had finished my discourse, they told me, by the person who spoke Arabic, that it was one of the most surprising stories they ever heard, and that I must go along with them and tell it to their king myself. I told them I was ready to do whatever they pleased.

They immediately sent for a horse, which was brought them in

When I came back to the city I prayed the king to allow me to return to my country, which he granted me in the most obliging and most honourable manner. He would needs force a rich present upon me; and when I went to take my leave of him, he gave me one much more

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Anteroom.
- 5 Gripping device.
- 9 Extend.
- 10 Vehicle.
- 11 Team.
- 13 Nest.
- 15 Stiffening stuff.
- 16 Taciturn.
- 17 Complex system.
- 19 Animal enclosure.
- 20 Drink.
- 21 Fodder.
- 23 Having feathers.
- 25 Open.
- 28 Wing shaped.
- 30 Hair band.
- 31 Lay figure.
- 32 Close.
- 33 Pale colour.
- 34 Of scratchy tone.
- 35 Verse rhythm.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Girl.
- 2 Harsh-sounding.
- 3 Head covering.
- 4 Tropical tuber.
- 5 Carried in triumph.
- 6 Land measure.
- 7 Principal.
- 8 Attractive.
- 12 Drink.
- 14 Moose.
- 16 Repaired.
- 18 Small kangaroo.
- 19 Pigeon.
- 21 Casque.
- 22 Man's name.
- 23 Because.
- 24 Measure.
- 26 Number.
- 27 Droop.
- 29 Isle of Wight town.
- 31 Obscure.

Y FAG DEANS
ANIMATE DOT
WARES LOVED
LIMN VIRILE
V DROVES A
WEB EWE ELM
A OFFERS O
STROLL PLOT
HINGE ROUSE
EAC CHARTER
ROOST WEE M

SOME DAYS LATER...



'FRAID NOT, JANE!—THEY'RE ALL FROM MY BERT—BUT CHEER UP!—HE SENDS YOU HIS KIND REGARDS.

OH DEAR!—I MUST FIND OUT WHERE MY GEORGIE PORGE IS NOW I'M IN FRANCE!—THE ROTTER HASN'T WRITTEN TO ME FOR AGES—BLESS HIM—AND—AND THE POOR DARLING MUST BE MISSING ME TERRIBLY—OR IS HE?—CURSE HIM!!



DOESN'T THE COLONEL KNOW, DEAR?

NO—NOR ANY OF THE TROOPS I'VE ASKED!—SO I CAN'T TELL WHETHER HE'S UNFAITHFUL TO ME OR JUST TOO TRUE TO SECURITY!—IT'S ALL VERY UNSETTLING!

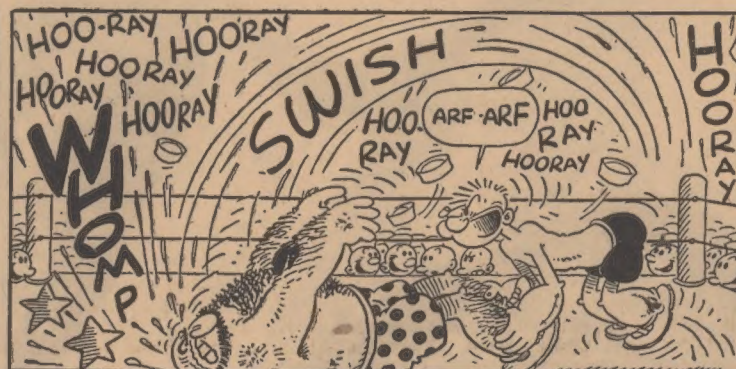
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



IN order that Scottish artists and writers will have a platform of their own on which to be seen and heard, and that their work will be judged on Scottish standards, a new publication, entitled "Scottish Art and Letters," has come into being. It is published by William McLellan and Co., Glasgow. —Editor, Mr. R. Crombie Saunders, explains the aims of the publication in his editorial, and says that it is only when writers and artists find an interest and encouragement among their own people that they are likely to use their best material, and he believes that there is an artistic revival in Scotland which needs and deserves this encouragement.

It is a patchy production, but at least it has the merit of enterprise.

It's so Scottish that one can only surmise that its circulation must necessarily be confined to that patch north of the Tweed, although they have condescended to write the captions in English

GROUNDS on which an advisory committee had stated that alcoholic beverages were not significant sources of any of the known vitamins were demanded in the Commons by Mr. Keeling (C., Twickenham).

He asked the Lord President of the Council whether he could state the grounds on which the Advisory Committee on Alcohol, appointed on his request by the Medical Research Council, decided that alcoholic beverages are not significant sources of any of the known vitamins, in view of the statement in Nutrition Bulletin No. 8 that the rarity of symptoms of deficiency in the British people is partly attributable to the presence of Ciboflavin (Vitamin B2) in beer.

Mr. Attlee replied that it was impossible to say with assurance that the rarity of symptoms of deficiency in the British people was, in fact, due to beer drinking, especially as there was no evidence of the deficiency of this vitamin in non-beer-drinkers.

Mr. Keeling persisted, and members laughed when he asked: "May we take it that the latest and most authoritative information is that beer is good for you?"

There was another laugh when Mr. Attlee, refusing to be drawn declared, "I think that is a matter of individual taste."

N.A.A.F.I. driver Cpl. Hodge tells of being nearly drowned in the desert.

Driving the mobile canteen through the barren sandy wastes of Northern Iraq, he came to a desert road flooded from a nearby wadi.

"Unknown to me," he says, "part of the submerged road had been washed away. We plunged into the water and got halfway across when the mobile lurched and heeled over. Water rushed into the cabin and swamped the engine. There was a fast current running.

"We managed to open the door away from the main stream, but found the water too deep for wading. Neither I nor my colleague could swim. Eventually we attracted the attention of two Arabs, who managed to struggle out to us."

Hodge tells how R.E.M.E. men struggled for four hours to rescue the mobile canteen. "It was a difficult operation. One of them had to go upstream and float back with the current, edging his way into mid-stream so that he could get a grip on the mobile. He managed to grasp a headlamp and climb aboard. A chain and hawsers were attached, and two R.E.M.E. vehicles dragged the mobile slowly to the bank."

I TAKE this list of things to see in London from the "Yorkshire Post":

Menshnahs.	Chencrawws.
Toncouro.	Morblorch.
Emstid.	Stren.
Elfancawws.	Sporls.
Aowl.	Ipako.
Sijornzwo.	Bikestree (for
Emsmibrodwy.	Mamtussor).

The writer adds that most of these places owe their names to the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, adenoids, or L.P.T.B.

Ron Richards

Good
Morning

ENGLISH CHALLENGER IN "PIN-UP" STAKES

"Look out, Betty Grable! Watch your step, Rita Hayworth! Here's glamorous Polly Ward entering the lists in answer to repeated demands by the boys overseas for an English 'pin-up' gal they can call their own."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm getting out
before the fur
starts to fly."

